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Female Excellence:  
OR,  
W O M A N  
Display'd,  
IN SEVERAL  
Satyrick Poems.

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BY  
A Person of Quality.

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Ὁ μὲν ἀδικῶν, ἑίδενός δ' ἔταυ νόμῳ. *Theophrast.*

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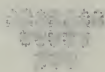


L O N D O N,  
Printed for Norman Nelson at Grays-Inn Gate in  
Holbourn. 1679.

Female Excellence:  
OR  
WOMAN  
Display'd  
IN SEVERAL  
Singular Instances.

BY  
A Person of Quality.

O'Brien's edition, 1729.



LONDON  
Printed for Newman Neeson at Gray's Inn Gate in  
Holborn. 1729.

A

## General Satyr on Woman.

**WOMAN!** Thou damn'd hyperbole in Sin;  
 Malign *Atropos*; Hell and Woes origin.  
*Man*, who at first was made in perfect bliss,  
 Was by thy guilt depriv'd of happiness;  
 Whose Soul was so divine, that 'twas essay'd  
 Its Author's Image, was by thee betray'd.  
 God did thy Will to but one Law confine;  
 Yet thy immeasur'd Lust turn'd Libertine.  
 Hell's subtle Serpent did her mind perceive;  
 Saw she was fair, and knew she would deceive;  
 The Devil and She, alas! too well did know  
 The surest way, to work *Man's* overthrow;  
 Such subtle arts and means they did contrive;  
 That *Man* could not avoid, pass by, and live.  
 Could neither Grace nor Law thy Lust dispell;  
*Woman!* thou damn'd Confederate with Hell?  
 She *Proteus* like in any shape is seen;  
 Of th' blackest Crimes she has the Acts been:  
 The purest Age hath sad Examples store  
 Of her base deeds, to be mark'd with blood and gore.  
 Did'st thou deceive, and shall not *Man* take heed?  
 Thou did'st with Hell damnation breed.  
 Abortive Sin from thee its rise doth date:  
 To be damn'd is to be effeminate.  
 Envy and Malice from thy Fall did grow,  
 Murder and Homicide to thee do owe  
 Their birth, Treason and Rebellion call  
 Thee Mother; Thy Venom's epidemical:  
 Witchcraft and Sorcery from thee did come,  
 And mansions claim within thy womb;  
 Idolatry, and Schism, and Heresie  
 Swearing, and Lying, and Hypocrisie;  
 Horrid Execrations, and Blasphemy,  
 Fornication, and Adultery.  
 Avarice, Concupiscence, and Gluttony;  
 From thee derive their monstrous progenie;  
 Thou base Common Sewer of Iniquitie,  
 These, and their sev'ral Species, are  
 Frequent in Women, and unpractis'd rare.

Alas, by sad experience do we find,  
 They are the impious Tenents of her mind.  
 Nothing that's good doth in her body dwell;  
 Lewd Woman is the Enthymem of Hell.  
 Legions of damnd Souls in Torment cry,  
 Damnation came by thy Apostacy.  
 Dire Warrs and Plagues hath Justice now design'd,  
 Famines and Earth-quakes to torment Mankind.  
 Yet *Woman* by her retransacted Ill,  
 New Plagues doth coin, and bring new Curses still:  
 But of all th Plagues, with which poor *Man* was curst,  
 His enforc'd Love of *Woman* is the worst.  
 Her crooked mind's a Metaphor of Hell;  
 Her Tongue's an Engine which doth horror tell:  
 Her perverſe Will dorth for her Reason stand,  
 Her mad Paſſion does her Will command.  
 Her Prudence by her fancy moves apace,  
 Fraud and Deceit, are in her painted face.  
 All moral Virtues from ill habits have,  
 In her ſeveral Luſts, a ſeveral grave,  
*Woman*! depicteſt thus! with theſe damnd parts!  
 Yet ſtil ſhe'll conjure and comptroul our hearts!  
 Thus ſtands the blazon'd, in this ſcheme you ſee,  
 The Faireſt Beauties, hang in Effigie.  
 Divorce thy thoughts now, *Man* from Female Love;  
 This curſe obtain'd, thy curſed Fate will move,  
 May Wedlock be forgot, Let *Woman* die  
 A Viſtim to her own Virginitie.

### A Satyr upon Woman's Uſurpation.

**W**oman was made *Man's* Sovereignty to own;  
*Man*, as the Monarch, was to rule alone.  
 She: created was a Slave, and made to dread  
 The angry frowns of *Man*, her Lord and Head:  
 Heaven did to him his Power delegate;  
 O're all the Univerſe he made him great:  
 His Power did the largeſt Scepter ſway,  
 The whole Creation did his Laws obey,  
 No limits there were ſet to his commands,  
 Tygers and Lyons lick'd his ſacred hands,  
 And Salvage Monſters wore his mighty bands.  
 Distributive Juſtice God was pleas'd to ſee  
 Him give, ſans bribe or partiality:  
 The Legiſlative Power was ſolely in  
 Juſt *Man*, till *Woman* tempt'd him to ſin:  
 Though ſhe did know Eternal death ſtood by  
 Reſolv'd ſhe was to taſt, tranſgreſs, and dye.

Once

Once she was happy, but her towering pride  
 Could no Superiour, God or Man abide :

*Man's* now enslav'd, imperious *Woman* reigns,  
 And governs Monarchs with her golden chain s  
 She is so prone by nature to comproul,  
 That she must govern, or destroy man's Soul.

She will no longer in subjection stand,  
 Nor will obey *Jehovah's* great Command, }  
*Man* must resolve to stoop to her demand. }

The Sun no sooner had begun its course,  
 And spread its candid beams o're th' Universe,  
 Nature her self was hardly full awake,  
 The Planets did their motions rarely make ;  
 The azure Orbs, in which there's finely set  
 The glistering Stars, scarce knew their Architect;  
 The Earth, Air, Water and Fire did hardly find  
 Themselves pure Elements, and were inclin'd }  
 To mix, in composition of each kind ; }

*Man* scarce had been the first resplendent light,  
 Ere *Woman* brought forth everlasting night.  
 Her damned Pride first taught her how to Sin,  
 Ambition then the Devil usher'd in ;  
 Those for ten thousand more have inlets made,  
 And now she's Mistress of the Devil's trade ;  
 She'll tempt, betray, lye, swear, couzen and cheat,  
 Hell's blackest arts, ten thousand times repeat.

So hard's the Fate of miserable Man,  
 That he shall be destroy'd, if *Woman* can ;  
 Heaven's diviner charms, cannot compose  
 Her swelling thoughts, ambition knows no Laws ;  
 Toss'd with impetuous storms of haughty Pride, }  
 Disorder'd motives will her passions guide, }  
 Till she destroy her loving Lord and Bride.

She, with domestick storms of civil hate,  
 Disturbs the solitude of Man's estate :  
 Eternal Wars she'll make, no peace permit,  
 Till she command, and all Mankind submit :  
 Such was th' effects of her aspiring Mind,  
 She damn'd the race and stock of brave Mankind.  
 Base silly *Cupid*, that art so fondly wise,  
 Let *Woman* rule thee with her sparkling Eyes ;  
 Base Wretch, that for th' Effects of Lust will sell  
 Thy birth-right, thy power ; thy Heaven for Hell !  
 My Soul's too great, and can no bondage bear ;  
 My Will's too free, and cannot fetters wear.

*Woman !*

Since Heaven's Sacred Laws, cannot restrain  
 Thy Will, and threaten'd Vengeance is in vain ;  
 Since to live peaceful is thy greatest pain,  
 Proceed, and thou shalt Queen of Devils reign.



*A Satyr on Woman's Lust.*

**H**OT Lust within her reigns in every part;  
 The foulest Sins possess her filthy heart:  
 Inceit, and the many Sins of *Sodom*, are  
 Dull satisfaction to the lustful Fair:  
 T'attain her ends the Mountains would remove;  
 And knows no bliss but in lascivious love.  
 She'll travel all the foulest Roads of Hell,  
 Commit such Vice as ne're knew parallel:  
 Till she enjoys, no rest shall close her eyes;  
 Enjoyment is her only Paradise.  
 Missing her man, some ugly mungril must  
 Give satisfaction to her raging lust:  
 Her appetite's so strong, that to fulfill  
 Her damn'd desires, she'll try Infernals skill:  
 No monstrous object can deter her mind;  
 She'll use a Dog or Devil for Mankind.  
 But if in all her Lust prevention find,  
 'Twill gnaw, and eat her own distracted mind,  
 Burst into Envy, and ten thousand more  
 Such monstrous Sins, as Hell n'ere knew before:  
 Hell ! Hell's no abyss if compar'd to this,  
 'Tis Woman's Lust is only bottomless.  
 Her Lust deny'd ! she'll rend the Earth and Skies,  
 And thunder forth most horrid blasphemies;  
 She'll roar and cry and scratch, she'll howl and tear,  
 Like Devils who the greatest torments wear.  
 Thus burning Lust doth set her Soul on fire,  
 Which will for ever flame with hot desire : }  
 Life will with Lust together both expire,  
 And will accompany her Soul to Hell,  
 And there with lustful *Demons* ever dwell;  
 Then her enjoyments will eternal prove,  
 Where *Pluto* takes her for his hellish Love.

*In Praise of a Deformed, but Virtuons Lady;*

OR,

**A Satyr on Beauty.**

**F**ine Shape, good Features, and a handſom Face;  
 Such do the glory of the Mind deſace;  
 But Virtue is the beſt and only grace.  
*Venus* Man's mind enflames with luſtful fires,  
 Conſumes his Reaſon and burns his beſt Deſires.  
 Wer't thou my Soul but from my body free,  
 Had fleſh and blood no influence on thee,  
 Then would'ſt thou love a Woman, and would'ſt chooſe.  
 The Soul, fair ſhe, to be thy bleſſed Spouſe.  
 Beauty's corrupt, and like a Flower ſtands  
 To be collected by impure hands.  
 'Tis hard as 'tis impoſſible to find  
 Virtue and *Venus* both together joyn'd.  
 For the Fair She, who knows the force and ſtrength  
 Of Beauty's charms, grows proud; and then at length  
 Luſt and ambition will poſſeſs her breaſt,  
 Which always will diſturb man's peaceful reſt.  
 She will adore her ſelf, and diſeſteem  
 All others that in truth more comely ſeem:  
 She thinks beſides ſhe is ador'd by all,  
 And that Mankind muſt at her footſtool fall;  
 And thus is *Beauty* prejudicial.  
 Beware my Soul, leſt ſhe enſnare thy Senſe,  
 Againſt her Wiles let Virtue be thy fence.  
 Some pleaſe their fancies with a Picture well,  
 And for meer toys do real Pleaſures ſell.  
 Some ſhadows love beyond ſubſtantial things:  
 Such faults are ſometimes ſeen in Sacred Kings.  
 Fancy's a microſcope which cheats the Eye,  
 Who looks through that their Judgments falſify.  
 No bliſs fond *Cupid* thinks, but what is in  
 The ſmoothing, of his Ladie's tender ſkin;  
 Her ſnowy breaſts, her ſparkling ſable eyes,  
 Her charming looks, her blooming cheeks ſurpriſe;  
 Her ebony brows, her bright forehead high,  
 Her ſoft belly, and her ivory thigh,  
 In theſe his beſt and chiefeſt Pleaſures lye.  
 What other parts ſhe can for pleaſures ſhow,  
 You can produce as well as ſhe, I know.

When

When age with furrows shall have plow'd her face,  
 And all her body o're, thick wrinkles place,  
 Her breasts turn black, her sparkling eyes sink in,  
 Fearful to see the bristles on her chin,  
 Her painted face grown swarthy, wan and thin,  
 Her hands all shrivell'd o're, her nails of length  
 Enough to digg her grave, had she but strength.  
 Such is the Mistress that blind Poets praise,  
 Such foolish theams their groveling fancies raise:  
 My Mistress is more lovely, and more fair,  
 Graces divine in her more brighter are;  
 She is the source of bliss, whilst Virtue reigns  
 In her, all things impure her Soul disdains.  
 Those fools ne're knew pure Love's most sacred arts,  
 That e're were conquer'd by blind *Cupid's* darts,  
 Or stand as Slaves to their own carnal hearts.

*Madam,*

'Tis the preheminance that's seen in you,  
 Which does with sacred love my heart subdue,  
 Your gentle nature, and your modest meen,  
 Your passions conquer'd, and your looks serene,  
 Your conversation mild; these sacred charms,  
 Protection are 'gainst lusts impurer harms;  
 These and your other Virtues do excell,  
 And matchless seem to want a Paralell.  
 In your most sacred presence none can think  
 Of Lust, or once its horrid venom drink:  
 You are an Object that will soon dispell  
 Lust's most delightful Poisons sent from Hell.  
 Your self's the substance of the Saints above,  
 You move my Soul with chaste and holy love;  
 For you alone large offerings I design,  
 And with continual prayers wish you mine;  
 Oh! that Omnipotence would bounty shew,  
 And make me happy in contracting you.

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FINIS.

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